THE LOST HEIRESS.

A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure. -BY-

EARNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "Among Cape Kaftirs," The Fossicker," Etc., and Edward Rapier.

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HATTER XX .- A RESCUE. The increase of that awful night left a issume marression on the young British is t. They dried up the fount of merpoment in his nature and made sleep almust a terrar to him for many months. setime in the night, it seemed an the pressure round the leg relaxed. were drawn slowly over the railes feet, when the regular of the gorged reptile warned

noted to change his position, me heat under him, and he had Choronsly to restore the blood leng forced out by the pres-

mabbed he pondered over his out the more he dwelt upon it peless it appeared. Get out the desire be could not, and re-

mly one chance of escape sented itself to him, and that eightest. It was through the on the python had entered. was indeed small. In the the hole was probably not en, in the second he was not led to any opening, and missage was barred by the

wever, he made up his new the desperate course, and ray of hight which struggled the crack above, he wardy cward, feeling about with his to locate the sleeping mon-

or mount something hard, and assegut which the Zulu had With the butt of this he softly sundder us he touched the

thre bissed at the touch, and damond-shaped head was ne spot where the ray of light a deck stain of blood. ed tougue duried out from the

a meaningly, but its stony eyes and the muscles along its or disgust and rage surged

barnet he potsed the assegul, with a fierce thrust right the prope head, and before the s could ovewhelm him, he end first into the hole beyond. uniquied along in mad baste, with that the serpent would tim from behind, darted into a nest

uns, which smushed under his releasing a number of halfecthons, which bissed and With a grown of herror be don, the funnel narrowing at re fort, until it caught him tast by

to-remained, panting and fighting much, unable to advance, and assuring his postrils, and foul, p air passing into his lungs at every Intense duraness con bered the horror of his position, and a drame sensation of light-headedness tilm. In another hour, if he remained in that state, he would erown delirious, if not mad.

some of the young hate, in their blind movements, folm, and the cold touch on his noted upon his nerves like a snark perret of gunpowder. With a cry erest, he forced himself through morrow pince, leaving a part of his is more freely.

There a cool draught gave him renewed sorth, and the next instant, with his re drunking in the pure air and his binking at the glorious light of day, and bipoself on the face of the preci ce, on which he had climbed the day ore. He rested on a ledge of rock, essue has lips against a cold stone for the mosture in it, then gradually roused :

His bodiest below ween the electe of burgand saw a number of dark-skinned waras clustered about fires at the morning and then he ginneed over the comirs, which stretched like a map beim to I andlana range on the left, Had now mountain to the right. Afer I he saw two black speeks moving, cost, but at wide distance apart. He settled himself to watch these with a

is they advanced, there came into a behind them three dark lines, and row a drop sigh of relief. but his rough horse were evidently out n farre, and very soon it was plain to the stronghold below.

zig-zing course as they swerved to right or left to mount a ridge or search a dones, but the mass behind came on strudily at a brisk walk. One of the the three troops, it was soon apparent, was not composed of rough horse. waving pennons and the large Euglish horses marked that column out as a detuchment of Lancers.

At the krual below, the Zuius had no suspleton that an attack was imminent. they out about the fires, chatter with that wenith of gesture and redundance. of description which characterizes th savage man for whom time has little im-

When the leading scout of the advance ing force topped the ridge facing the eignatic shape by the young sun, was thrown almost up to the krant, they did

he man remained but a moment in dark silhouette against the blazing dawn. tken gulloped at full speed back to the main body, which paused to receive his The other scouts were called in, and the column crept along the ridge, disappearing from Blaine's sight, and

he eagerly waited for their reappear-Soon they topped the ridge in extended line, paused a moment, then thundered

down to the dones. As the roar of the charge broke suddenly on the ears of the Zulus, they jumped up, seized their asseguis, shield and rates, and clustered together in an excited mob. Then a warrior, standing high above his fellows. lifted his hand for silence, and at his deep words of command the men spread out like a fan. and fell back upon the rocks at the base

There they formed up in a half moon. with the horns resting on the dongs at either side, the formation plainly visible to the watcher above, but utterly hidden

from the view of the horsemen. These crossed the douga at two points. and rushed up to the krual, which they found deserted. Blains now caught the | calmir, "why not did it afore?"

word of command, "dismount," sounding clear in the ominous silence, and again cheered his comrades as they ran up on foot to fire the huts. His voice was drowned by a tremendous volley as the hidden Zulus suddenly poured in their fire, and for a moment the troopers wavered in face of the pelting bail of bullets. Then a tall officer-Blaine recognized D'Arey-advanced with regulation stride, and paused before the center hut, a mark to the enemy. The bullets struck shout his feet, but the commandant headed them not, and proceeded to fill his pipe. This done, he lit a match on the sole of his boot, puffed out a few whifs and applied the nearly

his men, encouraged by his coolness, Dick?" faced the storm. The colonel, a few yards in advance, to get clear of the driving smoke, studied the position of the enemy with his quick eye, but could see no opening. As he stood, the dust was thrown up be-

burnt out match to the dry thatch, while

tween his feet by a well-nimed bullet. "Here, my mun," he said to his orderly, "lend me your rifle a minute." There was a sharp crack, a loud cry from a Zulu, and the rafe was banded

back with the remark: "That fellow should have simed better." A few officers gathered about the colonel, persuading him to try and carry

the position by a charge, "Well, gentlemen-if I held that mountain, I would defy a brigade to disloge me without guns-but if your would like to make an attempt, well and good. Let two companies of

left wings. Advance!" Blaine saw the men spread out in skirmshing order and charge up the rocks-but, at the same time, he noticed the Zulus slipping away from the center

the Light Horse protect the right and

When the troopers poured up over the rocks there was not a Zulu to meet them, but while they looked about a voice rang out in trumpet tones, giving an order in Zulu, and a swarm of black warriors closed in at a rush from right and left, overlapping the flanks. They were held back for a moment by the two compunies, then they rushed in.

Amongst the recks the heavily booted troopers were at a disadvantage. They could have held the position only at the loss of their horses, and the order to re-There was one sharp collision, a series of theree hand to hand fights, and the troopers regained their chargers. They mounted and charged upon their fors, who melted away, and it is worse to over-estimate him. again formed up behind the rocks. The men would have dearly liked another brush, but the colonel, having proved the hopelessness of a charge against a wily fee in such a position, would waste no more men or ammunition.

The Zulus left their retreat with mocking cries and shouts of ju (victory) and some of them rushed off towards the smonidering ashes. Looking to see what was the object of their haste. Blaine discovered a wounded trooper crawling along on hands and knees. This man seeing he was pursued, turned slowly round, rested his carbine on an authill, and dropped the leading Zulu in his track. The others, however, rushed on, and it was evident a few seconds would see the end of the tragedy.

Blaine looked towards the slowly retreating column to see if help would be afforded, and at the same instant an of-

neer turned his head to look back. In a second his horse shot out from the ranks and swept up. Blaine felt his heart go to his mouth, as he watched the race. His eyes glauced feverishly from the leaping stride of the Zulus to see the rush of the horse. The distance which separated the rescuer from the wounded man was treble the distance which lay between him and the Zulus, but the horse, a magnificent black charger, swept over the ground like the wind.

The horse was first at the spot, but his territic speed carried him by, and the Zulus letting him pass, rushed on to their victim. This man, however, meant to die hard. A bullet from his earbine dropped another Zulu and he faced the others with his revolver. they paused to make the final rush the horse and his rider swept down upon them again, and the sharp crack of the revolver made them look to their safety. The rider rose in his stirrups and burled his pistol at the head of one Zulu, who fell like a log, then with his sword he fought like a demon, his mighty strength forcing the guard of his enemies, who came thicker and thicker from the main body. Now he sprang from the saddle, lifted the wounded man to his vacant sent, and with his hand on the stirrup in that they were making direct for ran by the side of his horse through the thick of the enemy, who thrust at him

with their spears. Escape for either seemed impossible, but with a ringing hurran the lancers charged to the rescue, Drury Lowe on a small yellow pony at their head, and after a short struggle the Zulus rushed back to their retreat before the thunder of the great horses.

The lancers closed around the gallant trooper and the man he had saved, and retreated in companies of four to the lively sound of the bugle, two companies lancers erect and ready always facing the enemy. It was a fine spectacle, but it had its sad aspect in the load which one charger bore, the lifeless body of the adjutant shot dead in the charge.

Blaine's gaze was fixed on the retreating force with a strange look on his face. He had forgotten about his own desperate position, and was thinking of other matters, for in the rider of the black horse he had recognized Capt. Daiston, and Miss Rath's father in the rescued

CHAPTER XXI. -- AN ALARM. "See here, Dick-if there's any charge against me, why in thunder don't they bring it, 'stead of letting me mope around. like a sick bar in a canebrake? ' Cob Rowe had been forgotten in the consternation caused by the death

Gen. Wood's column, known as the "flying" column, because it could march five miles in a day at a stretch, had gone back for provisions, and Rowe had been transferred to Lord Chelmsford's camp.

of the Prince Imperial, and was becom-

Rowe was not pleased with himself. He felt that he had been over-reached at every point since he arrived in Zululand. First he had lost his horse, then he had barely escaped with his life, and now he had lost his liberty with a prospect of being shot for mutiny and mur-

"Look here, Dick," he continued. "I give you warning, I mean to escape.''
''Or right, bass,'' said the Basuto,

Dick had no particular regard for his office as guard, which kept him from the keen delight of scouting expeditions. Rowe was supposed to employ his time digging trenches, but he always stretched himself on his back with his sombrero over his face, and Dick never inter-

"Why not run away now, nobody looking?" resumed Dick. "Rows shifted his sombrero from his eyes and looked at the Basuto-"Wal, that beats creation. What would you

Dick tapped his rifle, and his eyes glistened. "Shoot," he said-"perhaps hit, perhaps miss-nefer shooted a white man. You run-gif you long start. See that bush," pointing to a bush 200 yards off-"well, when you get there-bang! I fire. Come, git along."

Rowe sat up, to get a good look at his extraordinary guard, and then burst into laughter.

Dick looked disappointed for a minute. then a smile spread over his shiny black face. "No good, eh?-well Skin-Jacket you run to-night. I leaf you alone in der tent. "Why do you wish me to escape,

"Oh, dunno. Tired doing this work. Come here fight-not mind white man. Marbe tink Skin-Jacket no hit Capt. Blaine.

"You're right there, Dick. I'm not the man to strike another in the dark." The man who struck that blow was Capt. Dalston. " "So-how you know?"

"I've been thinking it over, and although I have not proof I believe that If anyone struck Blaine it was Daiston." 'No duce bass, replied Dick, ''dev'd rather believe Cap'n Dalston dan youor me either-un if you doan escape you es killed. You listen to me-you run toment.

Rowe, on the whole, was disposed to take Dick's advice. His mission had failed. There was nothing to keep him in the country, beyond the excitement of campaigning, which was now closed to him, and he had not the patience to wait the slow course of court-martial. His untamed nature chafed under his imprisonment.

That night's events favored him. All troops, and more especially untried troops, are subject to spasms of alarm, and Lord Cheimsford's column had a violent attack that night. The nerves of the men had been strung by the news of the prince's death, and the imagination of the young soldiers had been fed upon awful tales of Zulu tierceness and cruelty. Moreover, since Isadiana, Lord Chelmsford himself had been painfully apprehensive of a fresh reverse, and his pervous state in a measure affected his men. The elaborate precautions he took, even to the extent of stretching wires and laying dynamite without the lines, gave the men an exagerated idea of the prowess of the enemy. It is bad to despise an enemy, but

Sentry duty should be done by a trained body of experienced men. When raw recruits or young soldiers take to sentrygo in time of war, they are apt, by their blunders, to throw an entire army into confusion. It was so on this night. A sergeant and three of his men were

guarding a front of a hundred yards, facing towards the south, from which a Zulu impl would most probably come. The moon was shining brightly and they had no trouble at first in clearly distinguishing objects within a radius of fifty vards. Beyond that the shimmering light deceived the sight, but the country was free from bush, and every man was certain be could snot a Zulu easily at a hundred yards, and an impi at half a

By-and-bye, however, as the melancholy noises of the night rose from every side, imagination began to work, and they spoke in whispers of the terrible mutilations which the Zulus practiced on their victims.

Said Private Denning, a saturnine First they crawl, and crawl, and crawl like a-slimy snake, then they watches you till you are off guard. Then 'soush' goes that ugly lookin' stabbing spear iuto you. "

"Good lor", Bill, don't. It makes me shiver.' .. Yes: then they twist the blade round in yer inside to let the blood run out more freely; and then the black devils

rip you open, so," digging his thumb into the other's stomach with an upward movement to explain his meaning. "Shut up, Denning," said the sergeant; "don't you see you're making Joe tremble like a leaf. Wish 1 could get within a vard of a Zulu with my bayonet." he muttered, glaring viciously

over the vehit. "Why, what's that over there?" he continued, eagerly. "Don't, sergeant," said Joe, wiping his brow; "it am't fair to make game of

"I'm not making game of you, lad. Do you see anything over there?" and the sergeant pointed straight ahead. His men gathered around him, following the direction of his finger with straining glances, and, as it is in the

mounlight, becoming more puzzled and

confused the more they looked. 'It's a root, " said one. "No it ain't; it's a bush."

"Stow that, you fool, there was no bush there when we came; its some sneaking Zulu-that's what it is. " "And look," said Denning, "there's something to the right, and blow me if

there's not a dark mass right behind." "So there is," said the sergeant, "aud it's coming at a quick rate A dark mass, with a front of about five hundred yards, was rapidly bearing down upon the men, and the mosning of

the sound of approaching steps. "We'll give 'em a volley first, men," said the sergeant, grimly. "That will warm the camp, and maybe drop a couple of 'em.'

the wind seemed to bring in their ears

The rifles were brought to the ready, and each man stood with muscles quiv ering. "See," whispered Denning, "that

cuss just ahead is on the move, sergeant. "He'll stab me," said Joe. "I'll shoot him. The hull Zula army are coming-let's cut."

that instant the light grew dim, and the sergeaut, sending a glance aloft saw a cloud crossing the face of the

"Don't fire," he shouted: "that army is only the shadow of a cloud." was too late. Joe's nerves had been tried too much, and he pulled the trigger.

The crack of the rifle turned the peace. ful camp as by a stroke of magic into a center of wild tumuit. The three thousand men within the lasger leapt from their blankets on the ground, and rushed to the wall, dressed or undressed, as they were, Most were without boots, all without hats, some only in their shirts, others with blankets wrapped around them. The profound silence of a minute ago was now broken with wild commands of officers. Men collided with one another, tripped over tent lines, or got inextricably mixed up among the cattle. Those who were sleeping in the trenches, inside the walls of sods, fired HANDLING A HORSE.

their rifles aimlessly.
"Lie down," shouted the sargeant, lie down, - you," he screamed, "or they'll shoot you."

Some of the sentries obeyed, others rushed in, and the sound of their approach completed the scare.

"Here they come," shouted the mon at the walls, and crack went a score of rifles. "Keep steady, men," shouted the officers, "steady, men, and fire low."

The sentries, yelling at the top of their

volces, dashed in, barely escaping being

stabbed; two or three of them, including the unfortunate Joe, receiving fiesh Then followed a truly mad scene. Twenty-four thousand rounds of ammunition were fired off, and the guns roared two rounds aplece from the four corners of the laager. The officers in their shirt

sleeves worked hard in carrying out the ammunition and in encouraging their men to be steady. Notwithstanding this advice, some men actually fired into the bottoms of the wagons, lying on their backs to do so and pointing the muzzies of their guns skyward. The lancers, who were in an adjoining camp, had to seek shelter in the trenches, while their tents were riddled with builets.

After the men had fired in volleys, three times from the four sides of the square, someone discovered that no bullets were coming into the lasger, the bugle sounded the order to cease fire.

Then the deluded army looked out upon the waving grass and the silvery stretch of moonlight, but not a single Zulu. The language that followed this discovery was eloquent and expressive, while the tall black-whiskered commander-in-chief passed his thin hand across his white brow, and the staff looked, their mortification eating their hearts out.

Men climbed from the wagons, and went out in parties to look around, in a

hopeless, dazed sort of way. Basuto Dick, with a broad grin on his face, led Rowe out of the tent, where he was kept prisoner, slipped him through the cattle, gave him a rifle and ammunition he had picked up in the confusion, and told him to go. This Rowe did, calmly walking off into the veldt, no one paving any attention to him.

'Rather expensive amusement that,' he muttered, 'firin' all that powder at nothing at all. Hullo! who goes there?' He threw his rifle forward as he saw some dark object in the grass.

"Friend," was the reply. "I'm Cant. Blaine of the Frontier Light Horse, I am trying to reach camp, but they have greeted me rather warmly,'' the young officer added, in tones of surprise.

THE BLIND SAC

A Wonderful Discovery-A New York Surgeon's Remarkable Feat.

The Seat of the Conscience Located-A Scien. tific Triumph-Our Ideas of Right and Wrong Intestinal-

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The conscience, that still small voice, has always been of more interest to metaphysicians than to surgeons. Its existence was recognized by the earliest philosophers but even the most advanced materialists of modern times have not attempted to locate its habitation in the human organism. That it is a part of man's make-up has, in fact, been a stumbling block to the iconoclastic scientists of our day. Between materialism and accepted truth the conscience stood alone as a barrier.

Now, however, this obstacle has been removed and the materialist stands for the moment, triumphant. He has discovered that the conscience, like the memory, is simply a combination of tissues. No greater victory was ever won by the surgeon's knife. The way of it was this:

A noted manipulator of the scalpel began years ago to make a close study of the vermiform aspendage, that seemingly useless portion of our anatomy known as "the blind intestine." Here was a sac that seemed ordained by nature for nothing but distruction. If, in in the course of the digestive process, a seed or other hard substance left the beaten track and dropped into the "blind intestine" the victim of such a mishap was doomed to death. Neither medicine nor surgery could save him. Science asserted that this fatal sac was wholly useless and simply a menace to human life. Our "bero," a surgeon whose name is world-renowned, determined to solve this ancient mystery. He devoted years to the task, and finally invented a method whereby the unlucky wight who had dared the inflammatory wrath of the blind intestine might be saved. His process consists in the skilful manipulation of the knife and the excision of the offending sac. Many an unhappy sufferer owes his life to this brilliant triumph of surgical lugenuity.

After a time, the surgeon who had achieved this great victory became impressed by a certain suggestive fact. He had made a practice of following his patients in their respective careers after they had recovered from the effects of his nimble knife. To his surprise he found that the removal of the vermiform appendage had a marked influence upon the moral nature of the man who had undergone the operation. After reclusion that the seat of conscience lay in

the blind sac.
Such a startling deduction was, of course, not to be accepted without convincing proof. Our surgeon, therefore, confided his theory to several colleagues, and together they made a close study o the phenomena presented. One of their first steps was to cut open the body of a murderer, a man who had displayed in his life and death a remarkable lack or conscience. To their astonishment they found that the intestines were wholly de void of a vermiform appendage.

Of course, they reasoned, this may have been a coincidence. Our surgeon smiled and assured them that his theory was correct. Some weeks later the com mittee cut open the body of a man who had lost his life through an utter indifference to the distinctions between right and wrong. Again the surgeons failed

There was enough in all this to arouse the curiosity of those who had taken part in the autopsies. One of them, a practitioner who was noted for his conscientiousness, agreed to bave his vermiform appendage removed in order to prove conclusively the truth or falsity of the proposition under discussion. He endured the operation with heroic calmness and made a quick recovery. A few weeks later he murdered his mother-inlaw in cold blood.

There is no longer a shadow of doubt that the seat of the conscience is in the vermitorm appendage. EDAWED S. VAN ZILE.

Joaquin Miller on How to Ride and Manage the Horse.

Hero of Many a Great Horseback Ride Gives His Impressions to the Public-Modern Mistakes.

The Best Teacher is the Horse Himself-When a Horse is at His Best-The Saddle-The English as Riders-

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"His neck is clothed with thunder;"
"The speed of though: is in his limbs," and all that sort of thing. But outside of his neck and his legs, if you lay aside the romance and the poetry that gather about this most giorious animal on earth, not even excepting man, the horse !. simply an infant in arms; or, at best, he is but a small boy standing alone in the twilight, with his mind stored full of bugaboo stories, and ready to run away at the slightest strange sight or sound.

The horse is a mental bankrupt. If I could only impress this fact firmly on all tyros who take it into their heads to handle horses, I could save many a limb, and, indeed, many a life every year.

But the trouble is every one has read more or less, about "the sagacity of the horse, " has looked on pictures of horses in battle, in every one of which the borse has his head to the foe; his neck is, indeed, "clothed with thunder," "he hears the captains and the shoutings, and be cries, ha, ha!" The horses that run away in battle, that run away on every possible occasion-in fact, till they can no longer use their legs to advantage, are not set down either in the pictures or the prints. And so it is that the man or the woman who takes a fancy to handle horses begins with the horses seen in the galleries or in books of poetry and romance. The result is disgust and distrust; broken ideals, if not broken

We have here in California, at least so the race records prove, the fleetest as well as the finest horses on the globe. And of course these finest horses are owned by the finest horsemen. In fact, I never saw any man or woman on the other side of the Mississippi who could really ride. But we handle the horses which we

find in the fields and stable out here; not the horses which are to be found on walls and in books; "such as never were on sea or land. "

The sudden revival of horseback practice in America almost compels me to say some very plain things about the triend and companion of all the years of my life. Only to think that fifteen years ago I often rode the entire bridlepath of Central Park without seeing a single saddle horse; and yet last summer, when on a visit to New York, I could see hundreds daily. But even this new fancy for the noblest diversion would not induce me to write of the horse and his master, for my both hands are more than busy with other work, if men who know nothing about horses would only let the subject sione. But it is these men who know nothing, it seems to me, that say everything.

For example, one man said to be quite an authority, too, says: "Hold on to your horse by the knees; never let daylight be seen between your knees and

Now, if a little dot of a child that is just beginning to walk by pushing a chair around should write a book on pedestrian exercise, I recken it would be pretty certain to say: "Hold on to your chair. Gentlemen, you should never let any daylight be seen between you

knees and your chair!" And so, of course, I find no serious fault with this teacher of equestrianism who insists on hanging on to his horse by the kneer only he should have told us he had attained to no higher degree of perfeetign than that of the little dot that

holds on to the chair. "I made my generals out of mud," said Napoleon the Great. And he should have added that he slways used great care in selecting his mud. For he alwars chose not only his generals. but his bosom friends from men who were masters of the horse. Think of that 700 miles' ride from Madrid to say ten words to Prince Metternich of Austria! And we read that Cosar rade 100 miles and then fought and win a great battle on the same day! 'My son, such a kingdom more worthy thee than Macedon. said Philip, as the young conquerer of orld leaped to the ground from a horse which no other man in Greece had the

And now these three great examples of these three greatest men in the trade of arms bring me to the utterance of the first great fact in connection with the mastery of the horse. It is this: The horse feels you. You may seem to be never so composed; he may not be able to see any sign of fear or apprehension, or even doubt of your power and mastery over him. But the moment he is in your atmosphere-I known not what else to call it than atmosphere-he knows you through and through. If you are afraid, he knows it; and he is also

afraid. "Don't let a borse know you are afraid of him; if you do, he will take advantage of you, and surely throw you off or run away." Thus writes another able slauderer of this much misunderstood and, therefore, much abused

brute. Now the truth is, the borse will not wiifully take advantage of any one or of anything under any circumstances. But, to get back where we started in this article, the horse, outside of his grace of body and movement, has little else than his legs and his strength. A mental bankrupt, and as timid as a dove, he is ready to use his strength and those four legs of his the moment that he has lost faith in you. He needs a master; for he has no mind of his own. He must feel that you are his master, or, at least, that you are neither coward or fool. And if he does not feel this he becomes frightened at everything-a falling leaf, bird by the road, a bit of paper, any thing, everything. He is trembling fear, for he knows you are also afraid. And so, not from any viciousness at all, but really because he has no rider or master, he runs away. Here we begin to see the ground of Alexander's greatness, of Cæsar's strength, and Napoleon's reason for preferring men at the head of his legions who had mind enough to control a horse without effort, simply by his will, or his atmosphere.

And what must you do if you have not yet attained to this will or atmosphere? Well, keep on pushing your chair around, or in other words, "holding on by the knees," as the great New York authority advised. And if the horse you have is too young and strong for you,

get a weaker one. It may be an honest admission of your own weakness; but that is not a crime. It is a crime, how ever, to try to lie to a horse; it is not only a crime, but as shown before, it is

a great risk. For take care to not change horses too often. Of course we old express riders, when covering from 100 to 200 miles day, were compelled to change horses every hour or two, or as fast as we could come to the stations. But I am now ad-

So I advise that, having a horse you are not atraid of, you use that one horse and that one horse only, until you have learned to ride.

The best teacher? The best and only true teacher on this earth is the horse himself. Sit erect, your feet well down loose and leisurely, and so submit yourself to his motions. Ride alone till you have learned to ride; and then after you have learned to ride I am sure you will never make one of a party of giggling and garrulous idiots who make up "the riding school. "

Take a quiet country lane, either in Canada or Texas, take one companion if you prefer it, and a horse that you can trust and respect because he trusts and respects you; cover one mile, two miles, ten, as you have the strength and the time, and my word of honor for it before haif a year you will be mentally, physically, aye, morally, another being. But I can't say that if with a crowd headed by one of those "riding masters.

And don't fear to ride your horse. I mean to say you will not harm him. The faster you go, the better he will like it. Only, as in every other sort of laudable exercises, you should "make haste slowly." Ride up-hill and down-hill fast as you like, so far as the strength of your borse is concerned. For a horse will go much farther and much faster up and down a hilly road than on a continuously level one. The reason is he rests his level-roud muscles while on an uphill road and he rests his up-hill-road muscles while on a down hill road. So don't fear for the hills; your horse can stand all the up-hill and down-hill you can.

Of course, after you have learned to ride your one first horse well, you can perhaps fit in with a stronger one. For after you have really learned to ride one horse, to become a part of him, to sit in the air as a boy sits a bievele, why you can ride almost any other that walks.

Fremont was always partial to his one horse, and would go on foot for a time rather than exchange him. He rode one horse for years here in California. In fact, he never gave him up till shot under him in battle. He was surely one of the finest horsemen ever seen. And yet he must have learned it all on the plains and without a "master." For you may know he began life in the navy. As for saddles, it is hard to say. Al-

most any saddle is good, after you learn to ride; excepting, always, the Arab saddle. The "Arab steed" is found only in books. The Arab saddle is a set of forked sticks tied together with dirty strings and hung with prass trinkets. It smells had always, and often covers a very sore back on a pile of weary bones. Anthony Trollope, who literally rode entirely around the world, so far as he

could find land, always used the lightest sort of English "pig skin." So did Lord Houghton and all his hunting clan. But they did not always ride securely. I remember when on a visit to Freyton Hall, Snding the present Lord Houghton in bed with a broken leg, and his uncle, Lord Crewe of Crewe, laid up at the same time and place, both from a "cropper," or tumble out of the pig skin, so vaunted and blowed by the English horsemen. But, as said before, there never was

and there never will be an English horseman. These people are islanders, sailors; the greatest sailors in the world are these galiant Englishmen; but horsemen, never; and it is only a sort of "bull-headedness" that makes them

stick to the horse.

So pray, my shoddy American friend, with your first horse, don't try to imitate the English merely because "it is English, you know."

For example, England is a breezy and cool land, with much mud and no flies or mosquitoes. But this vast land of ours is hot, dry, dusty, and filled with flies and mosquitoes that torment horses almost to madness. The horse needs his tall here as much as he needs his teeth. God gave it him: and if you have the ghost of a heart, you will let him keep it.

Lord, Lord! If this low class of Americans could only see how the honest English laugh at them for this cruel bit of snobbery as practised on their helpless horses! But enough of this.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WANTED----FEMALE AGENTS adien to canvass in their unties. Nice employ ment. Liberal missions. Recommendations repired: Address M. L. W., care Gazerie, Fort with, Tex.

The Heights of Waves.

All sorts of nonsense has been written about waves "mountains high." The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel, and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Qualtroon says: "We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great as this. The highest reliable measurements are from forty-four to forty-eight feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater high than thirty feet are not often encountered." The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the "fetch." That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, anthor of "Lighthouse Illumination," and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Bievenson, gives the following formulas applicable when the fetch is not more than six sea miles: "The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles." Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is twenty, which multiplied by 1.5 gives thirty feet as the height of the waves around the ship. The highest reliable measurements are from root of 400 is twenty, which multiplied by 1.5 gives thirty feet as the height of the waves around the ship.

Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Capt. Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at arate which is the result of their size. Waves :00 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about nineteen knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make twenty-seven knots; and those of 600 rush froward irresistibly at thirty-two knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400 feet in length and thirty-eight or forty feet high rushing along at twenty-seven knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about twenty knots, with a height of twenty-five feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union in enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of those steamers called "ocean grey-hounds," which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of, say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of forty-five feet or more, and a speed of over thirty miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the forecastle deck it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a "Ridal wave."

THE TANGLER.

Divers Enigmas and Odd Concelts for Bright Wits to Work Out.

Any Communications Intended for This De partment Should be Addressed to E- R-

Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine-283,-An Old Saying.



D. M. H. 284 -Chara la. I loved feet one-a generous man, With hands that never were complete,

Who did for others all one can. And placed no hindrance to their feet. He was no wily candidate

For office - sought at any price: Though not averse to serve the state, When called on-at a sacrifice. No total character had he,
For hands and heart nike were clean,
And men looked on duaringly
When in high station he was seen.
Aspiro.

285, -Curtaliment. Should it all on your mind

That the fast is a bird, I shall not be inclined To think that is absurd.

If you 'crow' over me
I'm agreeable, too;
For 'tis easy to see
That a solver are you.
BITTER SWEET. 286. - A Busy Day.

Aunt Mirauda was busy as she could be, and had been, all day. One peep into the kitchee would have explained to my one the cause of her being so busy, for there, ranged in rows on her long sitchen table, were cans of fruit she had been putting up and labeling. The labels must needs bring a smile to the face of all observers, for Aunt Mirauda has evolved a scheme by which whe can be ill abel a clance a each label. by which she can tell by a glance a each label, the contents of the can without taking it down the contents of the can without taking it down from the shelf to accommodate her near-sight-edness. On each can in one row she has a large picture of a domestic water fowl. On another lot she has pictures of a rough steel tool. It one row there are pictures of a swiftly flowing river, white on another, each can has a picture of two boots, and two shees. Some have pictures of a piece of lead with a string attached, and one lot had no picture, but had a stalk of grain fastened to each can.

ETHYL

Mrs. All we often meet.
The thoughtless to amuse:
All her remarks with smiles they greet. Nor ignorance excuse.

Wealth 8, 6, 7, 5, 10, no doubt, Her social standing, too; A 3, 2, 1, 5 which shines out And gilds the crude and new.

It gives her confidence to play

Her 9, 4, 6, in turn. In conversation where one man, By being silent, learn. 288 -Transpositions. As I in the on a fine summer day, In the path a flerce—tried to drive me away; How the blear eyed old rascal stormed 'round

me and screamed.

Till a subject quite fit for the mad-house he scemed! In great terror I turned to ingloriously flee, When a man passing, chanced my dilemma to

see;
He informed me no—was the cause of my fright,
For my old foe was harmless, though eccentric,
quite.

MRS. E. 289 .- Words Within a Word. In a word of eleven letters, naming a kind of muzzle, find, without transposition of letters, words having the following meaning: A worthiess dog.

To affect with pain or uneasiness. 290, -Anagram. A sort of poet in me see, Though I am rare and ought to be,

Of my poetic kink of lore. To shun my trace there's nothing in it. 'Tis better far to ne'er begin it,
''Or a first vice'' may lead you on
Until your sense and cash are gone,
'Twill bring you to untimely end
Without the comfort of a friend,
And those who know you will say th will say then, 'A total rulned by his pen.'

NELSONIAM.

291.—Decapitation.
To last a tchole in another's wheel
Which is gliding smoothly along,
May only to chagrin reveal That the right to you does not belong.

Your all is more ant to be broken in twain. Or splintered and spoiled for you, Than to help the wheel to go on again As your meddiing will show you is true. Answers.

275. Garden of Eden. 277. Clamp, lamp, clamp, clam. 278. 1. A corn. 2. Chest-nut. 3. Paw-paw. Pes (pc) can. 5. Phil (fi) bert. 5. Beach beech) nut. 7. Wall (wai) nut. 280. Scissors. 281. Black Spanish, Red Leghorn, Sea-bright,



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